Eng. Poetry vol 25.

COLIN's

MISTAKES.

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Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

Me ludit Amabilis
Inſania. Hor.

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C O L I N's

COLIN's MISTAKES.

I.

EAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred:
Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard That ſacred Stream!
To *Wimpole*'s woody Shade his Way He ſped:
Flouriſh thoſe Woods, the *Muſes* endleſs Theme!
As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,
Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearſe;
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he ſaid
What Father *Spenſer* ſung in *Britiſh* Verſe.
Who reads that Bard deſires like Him to write,
Still fearful of Succeſs, ſtill tempted by Delight.

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
And Light diſcover'd Nature's chearful Face;
The ſounding Clarion, and the ſprightly Horn
Call'd the blyth Huntſmen to the diſtant Chace.
Eftſoons They iſſue forth, a goodly Band;
The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the Air;
The fiery Courſers ſtrike the riſing Sand;
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frighted Deer;
Harley the Honor of the Day ſupports;
His Preſence glads the Wood; His Orders guide the Sports.

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did ſit
An Amazonian Dame; a ſcarlet Veſt
For active Horſemanſhip adaptly fit
Enclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Creſt
Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
Full well knew She the Steed to turn and guide:
The willing Steed receiv'd her ſoft Command:
Courage and Sweetneſs in her Face were ſeated;
On Her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wiſhes waited.

IV.

This ſeeing, *Colin* thus his *Muſe* beſpake:
For alltydes was the *Muſe* to *Colin* nigh,
Ah me too nigh! Or, *Clio*, I miſtake;
Or that bright Form that pleaſeth ſo mine Eye,
Is *Jove*'s fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
Of liberal Arts; with Wonder and Delight
In *Homer*'s Verſe we read Her; well I ween,
That emu'lous of his *Grecian* Maſter's Flight,
Dan *Spenſer* makes the fav'rite Goddeſs known;
When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is ſhown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Caſtle came,
Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feaſt:
Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
The Lord's Delight, and Wonder of the Gueſt.
With Pearl and Jewels was She ſumptuous deckt,
As well became her Dignity and Place;
But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
Serene with Glory, and with Softneſs bright:
O Beauty ſent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight!

VI.

Liberal *Munificence* behind Her ſtood;
And decent *State* obey'd her high Command;
And *Charity* diffuſe of native Good
At once portrayes her Mind, and guides her Hand.
As to each Gueſt ſome Fruits She deign'd to lift,
And Silence with obliging Parley broke;
How gracious ſeem'd to each th' imparted Gift?
But how more gracious what the Giver ſpoke?
Such Eaſe, ſuch Freedom did her Deed attend,
That every Gueſt rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin*; *Clio*, if my feeble Senſe
Can well diſtinguiſh Yon illuſtrious Dame,
Who nobly doth ſuch gentle Gifts diſpenſe;
In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,
Great Goddeſs who with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
To all that under Sky breath vital Air
Diffuſeth Bliſs, and thro' the World around
Pours wealthy Eaſe, and ſcatters joyous Chear;
Certes of Her in ſemblant Guiſe I read;
Where *Spenſer* decks his Lays with *Gloriana*'s Deed.

VIII. As

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As *Colin* mus'd at Evening near the Wood;
A Nymph undreſs'd, beſeemeth, by Him paſt:
Down to her Feet her ſilken Garment flow'd:
A Ribbon bound and ſhap'd her ſlender Waſte:
A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
And beauteous Plenty of ambroſial Hair,
O'er her fair Breaſt and lovely Shoulders ſpread,
Behind fell looſe, and wanton'd with the Air.
The ſmiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers:
They kiſs'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to Others.

IX.

Daiſies and Violets roſe, where She had trod;
As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had ſorted:
And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's myſtic God,
Ten thouſand *Loves* around the Nymph diſported.
Quoth *Colin*; now I ken the Goddeſs bright,
Whom Poets ſing: All human Hearts enthrall'd
Obey her Pow'r; her Kindneſs the Delight
Of Gods and Men; great *Venus* She is call'd,
When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her Charms rehearſe;
Belphebé is her Name, in gentle *Edmund*'s Verſe.

X.

Heard this the *Muſe*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which ſhow'd ſoft Anger mixt with friendly Love:
Twin Siſters ſtill were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove?
But *Colin*, well I wiſt, will never learn:
Who ſlights his Guide ſhall deviate from his Way.
Me to have ask'd what Thou coud'ſt not diſcern,
To Thee pertain'd; to Me, the Thing to ſay.
What Heavenly Will from human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unleſs the *Muſe* reveals?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* haſt ſeen;
When ſoon at Morn the flying Deer was chac't:
Nor *Jove*'s great Wife, nor *Spenſer*'s Fairy Queen
At Noon-tyde dealt the Honors of the Feaſt:
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebé* did'ſt Thou ſpy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, inſtructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndiſh-Holles-Harley* ſtood confeſt,
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit dreſt.

FINIS.